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AN ODD AFTERNOON IN ITALY.

IT is hard to see why a temple should affect one more than a poem, I suppose, or a bath, a road, the ruined foundation of a villa more than a great thought, yet somehow my first sight of stones and bricks actually placed by Roman hands thrilled me as no line of Virgil or Horace ever did. Just north of Naples a little distance lies the little town of Baia, once the favourite retreat of senators and emperors, not unjustly celebrated by poets as one of the most beautiful little bits of coast in the world. Little is left of the Roman town, indeed. Most of the houses are the very humble dwellings of very modern and very dirty Italians. And the most impressive building in sight is the great mediaeval castle that towers to the right, commanding town and bay. Yet you know as you stand on the shore and look out to sea that if you eliminate the castle—an easy matter if you have any imagination—you are gazing at a view that Virgil, Cicero and Nero knew in their day as well as you know Kingston harbour. The wonderful colours, the radiant air of South Italy, the turquoise waters of the bay, the sweep of the coast on either side, the rugged blue peaks of Capri in the distance,—these have remained as they were two thousand

years ago. It is only when you turn landwards that you drop abruptly into the present.

You stroll along the only visible road, followed by a voluble guide whom you only cast loose finally by actual threats and murderous gestures, and by a cabby who is even more persistent—who indeed accompanies you for two solid hours, telling you how '*buono*' his '*cavollo*' is in a language that you understand nearly as well as Hebrew. You close your ears as far as possible,—wonder whether Cicero was ever bothered this way,—try not to see the vehicle or its driver,—escape into byways occasionally only to find him relentlessly awaiting you when you return to the high road. But in spite of your irritation you keep your eyes open and marvel all the time at the beauty that is before you,—bay, coast, castle and sky. Then you come upon an unmistakable Roman building, one that you were looking for—the one that they call the Temple of Venus. It is, of course, not a temple at all, but a building devoted once to the very Roman but very un-Italian luxury of bathing. Still it is Roman,—a living and authentic bit of the old Baiae, and as such it makes your heart beat faster in

spite of yourself. There is nothing complicated about it. You see almost at a glance what it is,—a great circular building, vaulted at the top in a somewhat flattened dome roof that is broken now but reminds you roughly of the Pantheon. You can enter if you wish,—the arched doorways are open to all,—but you get no new effect. You are standing on a damp, moss-grown, rubbish-littered floor, with the circular wall around you and the open dome of the broken roof above you. Only the blue sea with the fishing boats strikes you with a new beauty as you see it framed in the old arched doorway that opens towards the bay.

There are two other baths,—the so-called Temples of Mercury and Diana,—the former a series of three of these great round vaulted rooms. In one of them an eager individual who drops from nowhere in particular earns two cents (a very respectable tip) by showing you a whispering gallery effect that is not at all bad, and you play with it for a few minutes,—disgracefully oblivious for the moment of the Claudii, the Antonii, the Horatii, who once refreshed their dissipated frames here. But you turn away from Baia after a while and with the burdensome memory and afflicting consciousness of a bad dinner profusely flavoured with olive oil, you start on one of the drives of your life.

On the south shore of the bay, a few miles nearer Naples than Baia, is the town of Pozzuoli,—the Puteoli where St. Paul once landed. On the road you pass fragment after fragment of Roman villas, swept away long ago to their foundations. The bay that the proud rulers of the world could

look over from their gardens lies there still in all its loveliness, but gardens and villas have vanished as completely as patricians and Caesars, except for the low grass-covered mounds that mark old foundation lines, or here and there exposed spaces of criss-crossed plaster, once covered with bright stucco or brighter fresco. The completeness of the destruction of it all amazes you. You turn from the flowers and grass and from the ruins veiled by nature in soft green to the bay on the other side shading off in lighter blues to the Mediterranean, and your consuming wish is for an hour of quietness to let the whole effect have a chance to sink in. No moralist ever preached a truer or clearer lesson on the vanity of riches and power. Never before have you felt so intensely your own littleness; and yet, with the crushing humiliation of the dead foundations before you, you feel strangely enough more vividly than you ever did at home the greatness and the *reality* of the Romans.

Then you rattle along the narrow paved streets of Pozzuoli, and you remember that you want to see the crater of Solfatara, the little Vesuvius as they call it. So you drive up the long slope, passing a Roman amphitheatre on the way, and then walk until you enter the crater. Your notion of an extinct crater hitherto has been a blackened, barren, ash-covered basin. But here you are walking in a little meadow of myrtle, with the sides of the crater sloping up from you covered with grass and exquisite flowers. You come soon though to a round hole three or four feet in diameter, and six feet down you are horrified to see furiously boiling muddy

water. You look about you suspiciously, sniffing at the sulphur and brimstone smell in the air. You see vapour rising from several points about you. You glance back at the path by which you have entered, for you have left many things undone and have no desire to be blotted out by an unexpected eruption. You have heard of dead volcanoes exploding before. But other people in the crater seem to be unconcerned, so you advance cautiously and soon find yourself gazing into black caverns that emit fearsome odours and heavy vapours—advancing into the dark recesses as far as you dare, as the Romans did here when they wanted to take combined Turkish and sulphur baths for rheumatism. You have been slipping into heretical notions about hell lately, but you resolve now to reconsider the question. The Romans could surely not have been far wrong when they pronounced these black, poisonous, sulphurous, fiery abysses the entrances to the infernal regions. Lake Avernus is only an hour's walk distant, you remember. A curious thing happens then. A grimy individual who looks as if he owes allegiance to Pluto and knows Cerberus intimately, but who avers that he is the official guardian appointed by the Italian government, waves a lighted torch in front of a smoking cavern. At once the dark abyss sends forth a greater volume of steam. He waves the flame along a heap of loose stones and earth, and hot sulphur vapour ascends there too. He points up, and away up on the highest point of the surrounding slope you see a little floating spout of white. It is uncanny and you are glad when

he stops. Yet you survive, and you have a bewilderingly beautiful drive back to Naples to close your day. Beautiful,—yes,—and yet your last thought before sleeping will be of the Romans, not of Baiæ's bay in its beauty.

CECIL F. LAVELL.

THE LAKE OF INNISFREE.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

(Through the kindness of Professor Cappon we have secured a copy of the above-named poem by Mr. Yeats, who gave an address in Convocation Hall on the twelfth of last month. In print the poem lacks the inimitable charm of Mr. Yeats's voice, but those who heard him read it will be glad to have this copy.—ED.)

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and
wattles made ;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for
the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.
And I shall have some peace there, for peace
comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to
where the cricket sings ;
There midnights' all a glimmer, and noon a
purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.
I will arise and go now, for always night and
day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by
the shore ;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the
pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

FORESTRY.

Prof. W. L. Goodwin and Mr. Geo. V. Chown, B.A., Registrar, were in Toronto last week attending a convention assembled to discuss matters connected with Forestry in Ontario. We are sure the interests of Queen's were ably attended to.

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Editorials.

QUITE recently there was an informal assembly in Toronto of ministers—Congregationalist, Presbyterian and Methodist—to discuss the very important question of Church union. Their unanimity on the subject is only a sign of the times. A liberal spirit is, we believe, taking possession of the people, so that as a result the petty trivialities which in most cases separate the denominations are being seen to be trivialities, while, on the other hand, it is being clearly recognized that all can unite on what is essential in Christianity. They are beginning to realize that all are fighting the same foes, the selfishness of man, the low ideals which he follows, the materialistic and sordid spirit which is only too prevalent.

The advantages which would accrue from Church union are almost too obvious to require mention. The various organizations now necessary to carry on the work of the various denominations could be united, increas-

ing their efficiency and diminishing the expense and the wasted energy. The opening of new fields would be done judiciously, without any ill-placed rivalry, preventing overlapping and crowding. Some small communities have three or four ministers, some of whom could be easily spared for districts which have none. And besides all this, in all movements for the betterment of our social or political life, the strength of such a combined and united force as the church could then command would be one of the most powerful agencies.

This proposed union would also have a very wholesome effect on the people. The prejudices which sometimes exist between members of different denominations would be obliterated. A more accurate knowledge of each other and the effect of co-operation towards a common end would cause mutual respect to take the place of mutual distrust, and hostility to change to warm friendship.

This "consummation devoutly to be wished" will not be achieved in a day, and many who are now students will in the future be called on to take an active part in the matter of church union. They will not, we are sure, prove unworthy of the training received here, but will approach the question in a spirit of toleration and sympathy towards others, a spirit which should be characteristic of every university, and which we believe to be thoroughly characteristic of Queen's.

IT has long been a deep-rooted conviction with those who have at any time served on the staff of the JOURNAL that they are entitled to

some recognition by the Senate or by the student-body other than what they at present receive. Most of us will agree that the work which the various editors of the JOURNAL perform entitles them to some consideration. How this consideration is to take practical form remains, to us, at least, an almost insoluble problem. For those who are still proceeding to a degree the Senate might, perhaps, credit them with a class or two, or might be lenient to them in examinations. It would be very difficult, however, to frame any rule which would cover all cases. Those who have already graduated and who are not studying for another degree would not of course be benefitted in the least by having classes allowed them. It has been suggested that in such cases the recognition should be of a pecuniary character, as is the custom in some colleges across the line. For our own part we feel averse to such a solution of the problem. The taint of self-interest nearly always attaches itself to a person who accepts a salaried position. There may, however, come a time in the history of the JOURNAL when the editor will be obliged to devote all his time to the interests of the JOURNAL. In such a case some pecuniary remuneration will be necessary, but for the present all the editor can hope to receive must consist in friendly encouragement from the students and the Senate, by words and by deeds.

UND ER the heading "Examinations and the Curriculum," Mr. A. Kirk Cameron, Principal of Public Schools, Galt, has written an excellent article for the February

Educational Monthly. Mr. Cameron first defines the real object of school education as being to give a knowledge of self, to promote modesty and refinement through the teaching of discipline and self-control and to lead the pupils to see that the highest and only permanent contest is to be obtained not in the valleys of 'sense' but by continual striving toward the high peaks of reason. The same idea has been put perhaps as well as it is possible to put it, by Principal Gordon when he says, "To the man of culture life consists not in the abundance of that which he has, but in the abundance of that which he is." But Mr. Cameron goes on to say that the present educational system does not educate, and that the explanation usually given for this failure is that it is due to the examination system. It has suddenly been found that the teachers are not teaching to educate but to get pupils through examinations, in other words that the whole thing is a system of cram; and as a result we are now in the throes of an anti-examination fever. Of the proposed reform Mr. Cameron says, "To do away with examinations altogether and add a few more subjects to the curriculum is as silly as it is inadequate." Examinations have in his estimation their proper use, and for their failure he gives "at least three reasons, (1) pupils are examined on too many subjects; (2) the standard of examination is altogether too low; (3) instead of being a test of what the teacher has taught, examinations are rather a test of the cramming power of the teacher. "Thus he finds the reason why our educational system does not educate, not in the examination system, but in

the fact that "we have a system to-day, the main features of which are an overloaded curriculum and general barrenness of results, one which aims to teach everything under the sun and ends by accomplishing nothing thoroughly." Or as a business man summed it up, "The pupils of our schools know something about many things and nothing thoroughly about any one thing." To this Mr. Cameron answers, "It is but too true, for the average Public School graduate can neither read, write nor speak well. Would it not be better to have the pupil efficient in a few subjects rather than have a smattering of many?" He then gives what he considers to be the ideal of a Public School education. "The school or the teacher that gives a pupil the power to read intelligently and intelligibly, and to interpret as he reads; that has taught him or her to perform the simple rules in arithmetic quickly, neatly and accurately; that has opened to the pupil fountains of thought and has supplied therewith a vocabulary to clothe those thoughts; that has developed in the pupil the power to write legibly and spell correctly, has, besides doing more than the average teacher or school is accomplishing to-day, given that pupil the key and the password to the unknown and hidden secrets of knowledge. Will any come forward to say that our boys and girls leave our Public Schools equipped as I have stated? And yet the above named subjects form but about a third of what it is proposed shall be taught in our schools. If we cannot accomplish this much well, how foolish to be trying to do treble as much in the same time." The first requisite then is a

reduction in the number of subjects for examination, and the subjects to be retained are those "which do not depend on the memory, but rather on the pupil's intelligence and power to interpret. This would make the examination a test not only of the pupil's fitness, but also of the teacher's work for the year, and not for only a few weeks before the examination." Of course there is no branch of learning but has its educational value. "Manual training," "nature study" and "domestic science" undoubtedly have great educational value, and their introduction into our schools will certainly go far to remedy many of the defects obtaining in our system if the mistake of expecting too much from them, which at the present time seems likely, is not made. But while this is so, it will be at once seen that they cannot be substituted for the foundation subjects already named. Such a substitution would at once spell disaster for the experiment, as such substitutions in the past have done. We should not make the mistake of trying to equip the child in seven short years for every conceivable position that may open to him when leaving school."

These remarks were of course made with the curriculum of the Ontario Public Schools in view, but the spirit of Mr. Cameron's criticism is as true of a University as of a Public School. We come here not to learn, but to learn how to learn; not to accumulate data, but to learn how to use data. It is in the spirit of this that, as we see in one of our exchanges, "at Zurich any text-book whatever may be taken into an examination, on the theory that in future work a student will have these books at his command, and that

a knowledge of their proper use is of greater advantage than the memorizing of methods and formulæ." Of course it is possible to carry this principle too far. Books have been well defined as "aids to weakening the memory." A Latin professor cannot always be looking up the verbs that govern the dative, nor can a professor of Chemistry be always referring to a text book to see how a certain acid will act on a certain metal. A certain number of facts must be memorized. But beyond the limited number of formulæ and other data which will be constantly recurring in the practice of one's profession, and which will therefore become impressed on the memory as much by repetition as by voluntary memorizing, a student should not be expected to learn off by heart a long string of names and figures, to the extent at least of leaving him no time to train the other faculties of his mind. It is of more permanent value to the student, even of medicine and science, to train him to perceive minutely, to think quickly, and to judge correctly, than to stuff him with a pile of facts and figures which other people have accumulated.

The value of mathematics as a study lies chiefly in this training. People often wonder why it is necessary to study at college all the intricacies of higher mathematics and to use figures and solve problems that will never recur in practical life unless it be once in a lifetime in the work of one man out of a hundred; and they ask if it would not be better to utilize the time thus spent in acquiring more knowledge that will have a direct bearing on one's life work. Such a principle, if consistently carried out, would be

disastrous to the intellectual growth of the race. The reason why an honour student in mathematics has to learn so much that is intricate and involved is in order that he may be enabled to solve simple problems more easily. For example, take some one who has studied only junior mathematics, but who has taken a good stand in his class, and set him to work correcting the exercises handed in the junior mathematics; and then take a student who has mastered honour mathematics and set him to the same task, and the increased ease, quickness and correctness with which he will do his work will be a sufficient justification for the time spent in studying the so-called useless branches of mathematics. The same principle applies to every branch of study. It is the boy who can spell "anthropophagous" correctly that makes the fewest mistakes in dictation, and not the boy who has gone through a speller and memorized all the words. It is not what we study, but how we study; not how much, but how well, that counts.

In a previous number of the JOURNAL there was a humourous reference to the study of Latin under the heading, "The Opportunity of a Lifetime." We are glad the article was humourous and hope that it was not taken seriously. To those who might regard it as a valid objection to the study of the classics we might say that had even this single opportunity of using his hard-earned Latin not occurred to the author of "De Pontibus," still we believe that the time spent in learning Latin would not have been time lost. He was in a truer sense using his Latin when he

wrote the book than when he gave it a Latin title. Whether he might not have received training more suited to his life work had he studied integral calculus and finite differences than by studying Cæsar and Xenophon is, of course, a question open to discussion, to be settled, perhaps, in favour of the former. In support of such a decision we will say this much, that the classics can be studied so as to make a pedant of the student, and they can be studied to train the reason and the judgment of him who studies them. The value of the classics for the student of science or medicine is in the former case little, if any ; its value in the latter case can hardly be over-estimated. To the above we must add that it is a good plan for one to study a branch of knowledge that has little or no bearing on his specialty, lest he lose his breadth of sympathy and outlook, fall into a net, and intellectually die. For this purpose the study of the classics is of great value to the scientist and to the physician. It has been asked by those who recognize the value of a study of the classics as a means of culture whether the specialist, with the short time at his disposal, can afford to devote any time to their study. We would answer, one can and should afford to devote time to that which will make him more of a man, for the more of a man he is the better specialist he will be.

For these reasons we welcome the six years courses in Arts and Science, and Arts and Medicine, though it is to be regretted that every student in Science and Medicine does not see his way clear to taking as a preparatory course a full course in Arts. But even the Arts students should take care lest

in making the attainment of a degree their aim they should study the least possible number of classes for which a degree is granted, irrespective of the value of the course, or lest in their hurry to get their degrees they should crowd their work overmuch and thus fail to derive from their course its true and only permanent value.

These and many other thoughts come to all of us as the examinations draw near. One caution we would urge all the students to hear, that the position one gets on the examination is not the only measure of his success.

Ladies.

Half a month—half a month,
Half a month longer;
All, in the stress of work,

Studied and pondered.
Onward the Student Band,
Strength for exams. at hand ;
"Alas ! they will come at last
Said the Eight Hundred."

Onward the Student Band,
By hope of victory fanned,
Though most had sore regrets,

Time they had squandered.
But no time now to sigh,
They must themselves deny.
They have to work or die ;
Spring and exams are near
Sighed the Eight Hundred.

Books to the right of them,
Books to the left of them,
Books, books in front of them,
All looked and wondered.

Hard prest on every side
By time and friends defied,
Into the midst of woe
Fearing what may betide,
Went the Eight Hundred.

Moderns and Math. they read,
Bandaged about the head,
Coffee, prescribed a Med.,
Would keep them wide awake,
While the world slumbered.
Then came the fatal day,
There sat the bold-array,
Freshman and Senior—
All dreading sore the fray ;
At Orals blundered,
Then they were through but not
Not the *Eight Hundred.*

TIME was when tickets for Glee Club concerts and such like functions could be sold among the lady students. But that time has passed. The other day I sallied into the girls' cloak-room, carrying my little pile of ten tickets, quite happy at the prospect of disposing of them as I had always done without the least difficulty. As I took off my wraps I summed up my chances and decided to approach Helen first. She is a loyal, generous Queen's girl, who patronizes all College functions.

"Good morning, Helen; I'm selling tickets for the Glee Club concert."

"As usual, Margaret, I wish you success." (Brightly.)

"You want one of course."

"I'm afraid not, Margaret." (Less brightly.)

"Why, Helen, surely you are going to patronize the Glee Club concert."

"Well, I"— (reddening).

"It's going to be splendid this year." (Earnestly.)

"Yes, but"— (reddening still more.)

"And the boys would like a good house." (Anxiously.)

"Yes, Margaret,—but—I've promised to go with—"

There! you see; there's a man in the case. It will be Mac. Those Divinities.

There's Mary, I'll go to her: I know she'll offer no such foolish excuse as Helen, I approach Mary, a grave, thoughtful dark girl with a far-away look in her eyes.

"Mary, I'm selling tickets for the Glee Club Concert."

"Yes, Margaret," (not at all enthusiastically.)

"You bought one from me last year, Mary."

"Yes, Margaret," (passively.)

"You will surely buy one this year again."

"Well."

"It's going to be splendid this year, Mary."

"Yes, but—."

"And the boys would so much like a good house."

"See here, Helen, I've been at the Freshette's Recip., the Freshmen's Recip., '07 At Home, '06 At Home, '05 At Home, '04 At Home, the Medical dance, the Science dance, the Conversat, and I've made up my mind to draw the line right here and go to no more functions this year, so when Mr. C—called last night and asked me — — — —"

Mary, too! Well! Well! That all comes of their taking Math. together.

Over in the corner of the window is gathered a jolly group. As I looked them over I remember having sold every one of them a ticket last year. Surely—

"Harriet, will you please buy a ticket for the Glee Club concert?"

"How many have you to dispose of, dear?"

"The whole of ten; and not one sold yet."

"Well, Margaret, really, that is too bad."

"Oh, I don't mind at all—you see—if you, and Jean, and Christine, and Mabel, all take tickets as you did last year, I'll soon have them all sold."

"I'm so sorry, Margaret, but—"

"You don't mean to tell me, Harriet—?"

"Yes."

"And Jean?"

"Yes."

"Not Christina when she is already—"

"Oh, yes, one cannot always mope at home, even—"

"And Mabel?"

"I am sorry, dear, if we had only known sooner—"

Dear! dear! dear! Leap year is not needed at Queen's.

LEVANA NOTES.

Girls, we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through stormy
weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cause a sigh, a tear,
Then fare thee well.

The "naughty four" girls are truly very popular if we may judge by the crowded Levana room at the "farewell to '04" meeting, which was held on Wednesday afternoon, February the twenty-fourth. But perhaps it was not altogether that the Juniors, Sophomores and Freshettes wished to send the Seniors forth with their best blessing, perhaps the anticipation of delicious tea, cake and macaroons had a wee bit to do with it. However it happened, the girls came in great numbers and wept bitter tears over the sad fact that, as a year, '04 would

be no more, although in the transformed guise of "P.M's," or more likely "P.G's," most of the girls were looking forward to returning to their "Alma Mater." In spite of the sad pessimism, never before a marked characteristic of '04, which ever struggled to gain predominance—the meeting terminated very happily, due no doubt to the influence of Miss Gordon's delightful piano solo and to the record of the glorious past of the Senior year, added to the promise of a brilliant future for the members, made by the "Levana prophet-historian," Miss Lindsay. This past year has been an especially bright one in the history of our Levana, and it is marked by three great events—the crowning of our king, the equipment of the gymnasium for the girls, and the furnishing of our new Levana room. The girls of the graduating class will ever cherish fond memories of this their final year, and not the least of their happy recollections will be that of their last social meeting around the shrine of the goddess "Levana."

DR. ESHOO.

THE appeal made in a previous JOURNAL on behalf of Dr. Eshoo has drawn forth a letter from a friend in the city who has been actively interested in him. We take the liberty to quote from his letter. Having noted with pleasure the effort being made in Queen's on behalf of Dr. Eshoo, and after giving an appreciation of Dr. Eshoo's good qualities, he says: "The difficulty in such a case lies in the guarantee of an annual remittance to meet the requirements of a missionary's regular support.

From a letter received from Dr. Eshoo, which I venture to enclose, you will observe the modesty of his financial requirements—not exceeding \$200 or \$300 per annum for his living. A letter received from him last month spoke of the inability to earn enough even to meet the expense of his drugs or barely that. From a friend in England, to whom I enclosed this latter

capped as he was as regards instruments. His drugs also require to be brought from outside, and as he has to establish his practice amongst a people who are poor and who cannot appreciate the expense incurred in procuring the drugs, Dr. Eshoo has a hard task before him. It is to his credit that he went out, and it would be to Queen's credit to enable him to



DR. S. ESHOO.

note, I have received an offer of \$50 toward his support. Should Queen's College succeed in rallying to Dr. Eshoo's relief at this juncture, they would be seizing a splendid opportunity, and perhaps action on their part would be more appropriate than action on the part of somebody less intimately connected with the case."

Dr. Eshoo could have settled in America, but preferred to go out to his own people, so he went handi-

stay at his post. Our missionary efforts are of course directed chiefly to the North-West, though the Foreign Mission Committee of the Q.U.M.A. may consider the suggestion that has been made to adopt Dr. Eshoo as our missionary. It is too late this year to take any organized action in this matter, and it is also too late to ask those who have consented to receive subscriptions to go around and canvas. There is no reason why everybody

should not give a quarter; we will not miss it, and Dr. Eshoo will appreciate it greatly as coming from his Alma Mater. We regret that so far little response has been made, and hope that a second appeal will prove more effectual.

The following have kindly consented to receive subscriptions:

Ladies—Miss Jean Scott; Divinity—Mr. J. A. Caldwell; Medicine—Mr. A. C. Spooner; Science—Mr. F. H. MacDougall; Arts—Messrs. A. H. Gibson and L. P. Chambers.

Arts.

AND 'TWAS A FAMOUS VICTORY.

HONOUR Philosophy hath been puffed up and arrogant ever since their defeat of the Hon. Pol. Economists some time ago. Then when Divinity administered similar medicine to Science did they not become altogether unbearable in their pride? For the Philosophers and Divinities are closely allied. So it was solely for their souls' good that the recent match between Philosophy and Political Science was played; for while the scientists could in no manner understand how the philosophers won the first game, yet were they ready to let by-gones be by-gones.

The teams lined up with the same men as for the first game, except that Beggs, who evidently thought he was playing golf from the way he swung his stick, replaced the redoubtable L. M. Macdougall on the Philosophy defence, and Pol. Econ. this time had their forward line bolstered up by the presence of their star forward, Wormwith. The game was marvellously fast and played according to strictest scientific principles. The referee—

Marty Walsh—found the company almost too fast to keep track of off-sides, but was quite satisfactory as an official. The marvellous stops made by Penman were one of the features of the match. After it was over some irresponsible party remarked that if he could only write poetry as well as he can block hot shots, his position in literature would be assured. K. C. was evidently afraid of the Science cartoonist, for he kept as far as possible from the ladies. Wilson, Ramsay and Ellis played their usual heady and aggressive game, but could not break up the defence of Polson, Boland and Penman. Logie evidently considered his position assured after having led the hosts of Israel to victory, for he lacked his usual dash and brilliance. He can, however, make connections between his stick and other fellows' legs much more neatly than formerly.

When time was called the Scientists thought they were about six goals ahead, but found that the referee had firmly rooted in his mind the idea that the score was even. Two 5-minute spaces were played without a score, but in the third one a brilliant rush by Boland and Wormwith put Pol. Econ. one in the lead, and the game ended in that condition, leaving the teams even on the round. The Philosophers have reassumed their usual calm and humble demeanour, and the aim of the Scientists has been accomplished.

PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

Monday evening, March the first, Mr. James Duff, M.A., delivered a very interesting paper before the Society. It was a little different from the previous lectures in being more o

a biographical study than has yet been delivered. The lecture was on Copernicus and Galileo, and was given in a very clear and enjoyable way. Mr. J. Matheson and Mr. F. H. MacDougall led the discussion after the lecture, treating the scientific value and result of the work of these two great men.

The meeting was up to the standard of previous meetings, and further comment is unnecessary.

EXTRACTS FROM THE '04 PROPHECY.

"There have been other prophets in our year, but they were false. Dowie is not to be compared unto them. I am a true prophet for I am the last and final prophet. I am true because I say my prophecy is the biggest lie I ever told. Your former prophets did dream dreams, or 'empty some dull opiate to the drains.' That was crude! And yet my wish was that I could have done the same. But since I have of late bethought me that I am your prophet I have been unable to sleep, much less to dream, and as for an opiate that would carry me in spirit "through the boundless realms of space and time," there was none, for I was too corporeal and besides your late false prophet did drink every drop of his patent medicine. And so I only of all the conspirators—I mean of all the prophets—with a general honest thought of common good to you all may with a near aim prophesy the main things as yet not come to pass.

In after years, our Secretary Archie and Mr. W. B. Yeats united in the Gaelic movement and between them managed to translate our year motto. This was their last and greatest work.

Our man from Glengarry had an energetic, epigrammatic and explosive career. We all knew George was a lawyer long before he became a real one. For a long time he struggled hard to show his legal ability, and finally two new cases were given him. He worked hard at them all that day, and at length put the papers in his bag and started for home with a happy heart. On the way he was stopped by a rag dealer who, regarding the bag, said, "Old clothes, any old clothes to sell?" "No," said George proudly, "two new suits." His success dated from that day.

Chambers's fame as a philosopher and debater went abroad to the Sublime Porte, and the names of Watson and Chambers were the greatest in the world.

I met Lawson in these after years and remarked that he must be qualifying to be regarded with Dr. Watson as one of the leaders of philosophic thought. He replied abruptly, "Why do you people always want to drag in Dr. Watson's name?"

Sir Alexander G. Fleming proposed to Miss—— I know you all would like to know --well he proposed to misjudge my prophecy and from that day his downfall was complete.

Jim Stewart after graduating with honours in 'inquisitive investigation' started an 'information' bureau and lived to a good old age. But as the spirit of man affects his outward form, his back became bent and his knees became kinked until he became a living walking interrogation mark looking for information.

We all remember how Davie used to speak for 'the other side of the house.' Davie's fall was sad. Now

his locks are short and scanty and show that the 'other side of the house' now speaks for itself. He found that marriage was no lottery but rather a pottery where family jars are made.

And then there was Giles, of whom in his final year a feminine voice was heard to say, 'I thought he was a little Freshman.' You remember how fond he was of poetry. Nor did his taste ever diminish even after he had grown up and had whiskers. Many a time and oft he used to pace the floor thinking of his friends the poets—and other things—and as he walked up and down in the dreary watches of the night he realized the depth and intensity of meaning of Tennyson when he wrote :

"An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

In the late spring of '04 the funds of the Arts Concursus left the University. Pearce went with them. A Freshette was reported missing at the same time. Several years after I found them all together—except the funds—in the North-West. Walter appeared very happy and said to me, 'You remember when I left College, I didn't have anything, I didn't have a rag to my back. Now look at me! All rags!

(We regret that lack of space prevents our quoting at greater length from this interesting peep into the future.—*Ed.*)

We would like to recommend to the students two articles in the "Educational Monthly," for February, 1904; one entitled "Play" by P. D. Harris, B.A., of Selkirk, Man., and the other "A Provincial University," from the Victoria Colonist, Victoria, B.C.

Medicine.

WHAT SOME OF OUR GRADUATES ARE DOING.

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime."

M R. H. T-ndy during his final year suddenly became conscious of his gymnastic ability and joined The "Climbers." His accomplishments in the line of comedy are said to have been very satisfactory—to himself, although rather harassing to his friends at times. Those qualified to judge think that he is adapted to still better work and that he would star in some such play as "The Jew of Malta."

"Outing" for August, 1910 reports a rather peculiar incident that occurred in the back lakes a few weeks ago. Dr. S. Tyn—a Queen's student while out fishing one day, met with a peculiar accident. A small fish got hooked in his line, and the rod being drawn back rather suddenly, the fish was jerked off the hook and fell down the doctor's throat. While this may be regarded by the incredulous as a fish story, not to be swallowed, nevertheless we are assured that it happened. The genial doctor felt rather sick for a time as he has a peculiar idiosyncrasy toward fish which he developed in his student days. However, he eventually recovered and is now said to have a marked antipathy to the Book of Jonah.

Dr. Ford C. McC—gh, rather a fancy name, has decided to be a specialist in the eyes, ear, nose and throat line. He intends opening an office in London, England. He is thoroughly qualified for this work as he spent the Xmas holidays one year

in the Manhattan, N. Y., blue-stoning granulating lids and syringing out wax-filled ears and making goo-goo eyes at the nurses. He now professes to be able to give the Dean wrinkles on the use of the ophthalmoscope. However we bet on the Dean. Ford is older than he looks, has a beautiful pair of dreamy eyes and essays a tenor part in the glee-club but finds the high notes a trifle beyond his reach.

Dr. Duncan F-lk—er the hammer-throwing, football-playing, high-kicking giant, and Dr. McG-n—gle the bespectacled epitome of good nature, have been investigating during the whole year a couple of reputed cases of Addison's disease. Unable to settle the question satisfactorily, Drs. G—bs—n and S—ng—ton were called in who promptly pronounced the cases nothing more than hypertrophied sun-burn.

Dr. Gil—sp—ie's friends will be delighted to learn that he has been elected President of the Association of Pedestrian Tourists. He has done great service to the said association by a portable invention for the warming and ventilation of box-cars and by publishing a complete railroad and highway map with landmarks for dogs and wood-piles.

The Ha Ha Wayback Dramatic Club gave its annual entertainment in the town hall, last Wednesday. The club was formed in the year 1904 by Dr. Shakespeare VanN—ss who has been the backbone of the club ever since. His representation of Shylock was very realistic; especially interesting were his preparations for removing the

pound of flesh from Antonio. He washed his hands and disinfected them thoroughly; then he boiled his instruments and rendered them thoroughly aseptic. Bandages, haemostatic forceps, knives, saws, iodoform, etc. were strewn about in profusion. In fact he had anaesthetized his victim before Portia intervened. Then seeing that his enemy was about to escape him, he calmly folded his arms and declared that the prognosis looked bad. The audience was much impressed and gave him the closest attention throughout the evening.

The Medical Review for August, 1912, states that Dr. Remo Pennock the great Italian wonder has just published a book entitled "New Light on Surgery." The type is clear and lucid and the binding all that could be desired. We can recommend it as a good book for one to keep on his bookshelf.

Now it came to pass that the year '05 held an *election*. And good men were nominated from the least unto the greatest. And when the ballots were counted, three men were declared elected. But a certain man who is a kicker, arose and said "let the ballots be counted." And behold there were more ballots than there were voters. Then was the President very wroth and he said "go to, we will have a new election." And the Secretary said "I will mark these ballots on the back thereof, that we may have no more tomfoolery" And they said "let an honest man collect the ballots—a man who is incorruptible." And it was done. Now when the votes were counted a second time, behold three other

men were elected. But another kicker arose and said "Let the ballots be counted." And behold there were more ballots than voters, even more than before, and moreover, all the ballots were genuine, being marked with the private mark of the Secretary. And the President was more wroth than before and said "go to—, I will appoint three men to this office and I will wash my hands of the business. Then looked they one upon the other and said "Let us cast out the Jonah." And each one said again "Who is the Jonah?" And each looked upon his neighbour. And one or two left the place saying "this is a disgrace and I decline to remain with this nest of boodlers and corruptionists lest they be consumed." But one who was wiser than the rest arose and said, "Be not wroth one with another, there is no Jonah among us, it is the *machine* that has done this, it is abroad in the land and its workings are silent and mysterious" And another kicker arose and said "Let us have a new election." And they all said that it was a good idea and that he who suggested it was an original genius. And the Vice-President and the Secretary arose and put their heads together and marked the ballots with a hieroglyphic which was beyond the comprehension of the machine so that its wheels would not revolve, and when the ballots were counted, behold three good men were elected and the number of ballots was equal to the number of voters, and they all went home with joy because their innocence had been established and the machine put out of business.

Prof. of Surgery—"Now Mr. McK—n—on, what change takes place in the character of the pain on the advent of gangrene?"

Kind friend behind—"Disappears."

Mr. McK—n—on—"Dyspnoea."

Prof.—"What's that got to do with pain? Does it increase or decrease?"

Mr. McK—n—on, after deep thought—"Yes." Prof. "Why of course it does." "Now Mr. Ch—nt will you give me the pathology of tuberculosis."

Mr. Ch—nt—It consists of—

Prof.—"That's right. I am glad to see that you gentlemen know your work."

THE CALL OF THE MEDS.

One night in the second month of the year,
When study is earnest, exams. looming near,
Three mischievous Meds., tired of study, no doubt,
Put the rest of their year pretty badly to rout.

There was Tandy—"Sweet Sister"— and jolly "Old Rip,"
And Williams, "The Pig"—who set out on the trip,
With caps o'er their faces, and collars upturned,
They hied to the houses where midnight oil burned.

Up Johnston to Barrie through the deep snow they come,
And pound at the door of Three Hundred and One,
"Come at once to the Doran, Mo-shure Presseault!"
"Ver' well! T'ank you! Good one!
I go!"

On Brock Street, nearby, at Three
Hundred and Nine

By dint of much shaking is brought
into line,

Reddy Irish Gillespie from the far
Land of Nod,

Though he says to his room-mate—
"Bet this 's a cod !"

Staid Robin-son, good, steady, genial
Ned,

At the ring of the door bell puts out
his head

From an upstair window ; but he takes
the "tip"

When he spies "The Pig" and
"Sister" and "Rip."

John Stuart Carruthers, on the
Avenue,

Thought "Another call" was just
about due,

"Here's a quarter for you ! Hold on !
says John,

But "The Pig" didn't wait for his tip.
He moved on.

The oratorical Chauncy Leach
Never buttoned a button—he moved
right fast.

But to improve the occasion, began a
a speech,

"Eureka ! Eureka ! "A Call" at last !"
And so through the night all over the
town

"The Call" was passed from street to
street—

To Rutledge, Gibson, Billy Brown,
Munro and Ferguson, "Dunc"
and "Pete."

Paddy, as usual was a little confused,
He ran from his room to the City
square.

And an onlooker must have been
rather amused

To learn what bold Paddy was looking
for there.

And to what effect was "The Call of
The Meds ?"

Why bring them forth from their
sleepy beds ?"

Go ask the one who refused a tip,
Or if "Sister" won't tell you, go ask
of "Rip."

Divinity.

WE desire to have at least a negative claim to originality. Consequently, we make no complaints about examinations and offer no remarks concerning the difficulty of securing material for our columns at this time of year. So far as we remember every sub-editor for years past has made these *his themes*.

The new method in Homiletics has produced torrents of eloquence which can be compared only to the Philippics of Demosthenes.

Henceforward when Psalm selections containing nineteen verses are given out in Convocation Hall, the choir will sing them all. Anyone who presumes to stop at the end of the sixth verse without special orders from the Singing Patriarch will be excommunicated.

The genial, kindly soul of K. C. McLeod no longer sheds its immediate influence on the Hall. Without his soothing words and sage criticisms things are apt to work towards a revolution. The Divinity hockey team is rendered incapable of further service, and gloom has settled on the "knockers' table."

Science.

JUDGE FRESENIUS, THE YOUNGER,
INTERVIEWED BY YOUR
CORRESPONDENT.

HAVING "surveyed" my surroundings and corrected my "bearings" upon entering the spacious rooms of Fresenius, I was conscious of twinkling eyes, brim full of humour behind a pair of spectacles and a voice that bade me "precipitate" myself in the nearest chair. Certainly it was from the very moment I entered his presence impossible to still the small voice from within me saying: Here is a man of men and one whose influence will stand the "impact" of criticism. After I had taken a few observations and "plotted" a "plan" to draw him out so that the "area" of his influence could be estimated within the proper "limits" I endeavoured to "scale" the "heights" of his ambition but was in fact, reduced to the "level" of my surroundings by Fresenius inquiring sternly: "Well, what are you trying to "compass" now? At this interruption, whilst his eyes held me "in transit" I shot off on a "tangent" and came to the business I had in hand.

What is your opinion of this mad-dening rush of humanity to the gold mines of Lardo Island?

"JUDGE" FRESENIUS TAKES
STRONG STAND.

"Ah!" a relieved expression came over his usually mobile face, and he said: "I thought you were going to interview me on the 'Far Eastern Question,' The Grand Trunk Pacific or my Rat Emporium, but I do not mind on great occasions to give information of interest to the public. There

is, in spite of "Modern Views of Mucking" by R. H. M. Cartwright and Tom Spiers, an impression that even in the glorious days of '49 and the earlier days of mining all a man had to do to get gold was to go to the mines and pick it up. In truth, my dear sir, it was only the very *lucky* who picked it up in any greater abundance than the daily necessities of life required while the manufacturer, business men and professions made most of the wealth. Although I hate to bring up family matters in connection with this matter yet I must do so to illustrate what I told you. My uncle, Fresenius the elder, published an article in the San Francisco Picayune in 1852, entitled "*Why did he Dig*" to which I call your readers' attention. After thanking for his kindness in also showing me some army manoeuvres I went forth into the night.

WHY DID HE DIG?

Why will he dig? Son of man! for the light of whose presence my spirit yearneth; and my bowels grumbleth, dost thou ask me why? Is it not written that fortune smiles on fools? And for the sake of those smiles hath not thy servant been making a fool, yea an ass of himself in vain? For three years and ten days he has sojourned in this place. He has dived into the waters; he has torn ancient rocks from their resting places and removed them afar off; he has likewise torn his breeches in parts not to be numbered; he has rooted into the mud like unto the swine. His beard hath grown long; the skin upon his hand and feet hath changed its colour until he is likened unto a wild beast and his garments are rent and soiled so that

sack cloth and "ashes" would be as fine as linen and purple to him. He would fain feed upon the husks but there are none. Yea, he who in times past fared sumptuously, and grumbled over greater delicacies than were piled before Dives, now sniffs with gladness the fragrance of pork and beans and gnashes his teeth impatiently at a frying slapjack. He bolted a raw onion with unspeakable avidity. Potato skins fear his presence, beef vanishes from before him and dogs look in vain for the bone. In his sleep nevertheless the good angels of the past deign to visit him and delightful visions are opened to his recollection, for a delicate "bill of fare" floats before the mind of the dreamer and he orders oysters and terrapin for six, only to awaken to his infernal slapjacks and molasses.

All this hath thy servant endured. Is he not then a fool, an abomination in the sight of wisdom? And is it not to such and such only that fortune dispenses her favours. Yet she has deserted me; I approach her and she fleeth; I double on her "trail" and she turneth away; I wait her coming, and she standeth still; I secrete myself in her path, and seize her unawares, but she glideth off as though I caught a hog by his greased tail! "*Sic transit*" I exclaim as with a sick heart; I revile poverty and curse fortune. Now, therefore, I denounce these diggings I absquatulate these premises; I vamoose the ranch; I take off; I put out; I go; I slope without strip or provender, taking no heed for the morrow—for the morrow takes no care of me. Ere five days shall have passed the shirt tail of thy servant will be waving in the breeze of the Nevada.

A remnant of it will be nailed upon the top of the highest peak that he crosses as an emblem of the extremity to which a man may be reduced in this land of *Ophir*. But think not, oh Elisha, that I would rend my garment for this alone. Verily I say unto thee, an evil genius hath long pursued me. She has followed so close upon my footstep that every thread of my shirt tail is familiar to the eye. And if in pursuit of me she should gaze upon this relic in the solitary fastness of the mountain she will at once recognize it and believing me to have been torn up, destroyed by wild beasts, she will retrace her steps, and I shall escape her.

STUDENTS READ PAPERS AT TORONTO.

The annual meeting of the Canadian Mining Institute was held in Toronto at the King Edward Hotel on the 2nd, 3rd and 4th of March. Sessions were held morning, afternoon and evening for the reading of papers, and the discussion of the same.

Owing to the death of the late B. T. A. Bell the secretary of the institute, the banquet which was to be held Friday night was cancelled, also the Thursday afternoon session owing to his funeral being that afternoon.

At all the meetings held during the three days, excellent papers were read, and on almost every subject of interest to mining engineers in every branch. The meetings were very well attended, and were generally considered to be the best yet held.

The students' competition was very keenly contested; three papers were read by Toronto University students, three by Queen's, and four by McGill students. The attendance at the students' session was especially gratify-

ing and the president and several of the speakers in discussing their papers mentioned the high grade of the papers read by the students. The Queen's Science students are loud in their praises of the reception they got, and all feel that the time and money was well spent on the host of information they received by attending those meetings.

SCIENCE FLASHES.

The Science student at church generally forgets his bible and as a rule takes the preacher's word for everything

Jim Dillabough presented his card to Prof. Butler. Now Jim is wondering why everyone calls him J. Garfield.

Prof. Butler of the Royal Military College is our latest addition to Science, his subject being "harbours and channels." He lectures on his work in an interesting manner, and the impression left was a rather favourable one.

When a person in answer to an application for a position gets a reply saying his name is "on file" he may usually take it, the time waiting, as = $\frac{1}{2}$.

The Philosophic Collins solves the problem.

Jno. Sears: Yes, this "wash out" reminds me of a canoeing experience last summer, there were fourteen of us in the canoe and—Don't you understand me?

Philosopher Collins: Oh yes, there were thirteen beers.

McGinnis: As an aid to the Sciences we should study Hebrew.

Owing to many signs of spring in the last JOURNAL we expect to soon head a column "Freshmen chirps."

Athletics.

STANLEY CUP CHALLENGE.

At a meeting of Queen's hockey club on Feb. 22nd, it was decided to challenge for the Stanley cup, emblematic of the world's championship. Queen's, as champions of the Canadian Intercollegiate series, and also Intercollegiate champions of America, were certainly entitled to challenge. This was the opinion of the trustees of the Stanley cup, who accepted the challenge. However, as prior challenges had been accepted from the Toronto Marlboros, Montreal Wanderers, and the Brandon clubs, it was impossible to secure a date before the middle of March. This was too late in the season for Queen's players to get away owing to the medical examinations starting about March 21st. Accordingly the trustees were notified that it would be impossible to accept the date they suggested.

This is the third time that Queen's hockey club have challenged for the Stanley cup. In 1895 their opponents were Montreal, who won by 5 to 1. Queen's team on that occasion consisted of:—Goal, Hiscock; point, Curtis; cover-point, Taylor; forwards, McLennan, McKay, Cunningham, Weatherhead.

The second challenge was in 1899, the Shamrocks of Montreal, winning by 6 to 2 after a hard contest. Queen's lined up as follows:—Goal, Hiscock; point, Curtis; cover point, Merrill; forwards, Walkem, Dalton, Harty, Carr-Harris.

INTERCOLLEGIATE HOCKEY, 1904.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Points.
Queen's	3	1	6
'Varsity	2	2	4
McGill	1	3	2

Queen's record in the Ontario Hockey Association from 1893 to 1901 is as follows :

- 1893—Ottawa, 6; Queen's, 4.
- 1894—Osgoode Hall, 3; Queen's, 2.
- 1895—Queen's, 17; Trinity, 3.
- 1896—Queen's, 12; Stratford, 3.
- 1897—Queen's, 12; 'Varsity, 7.
- 1898—Osgoode Hall, 7; Queen's, 3.
- 1899—Queen's, 19; 'Varsity, 11.
- 1900—Wellingtons, 6; Queen's, 4.
- 1901—Wellingtons, 7; Queen's, 2.

In 1894 and 1898 there was only one game, and that in Toronto. Queen's were in the finals for the nine years, and won the championship four times.

At the Athletic Committee executive meeting, held on March 1st, a communication was received from the Alma Mater Society requesting the Society to grant the sum of twenty-five dollars to the hockey club for the purpose of purchasing trophies. This matter, though at first sight quite trivial, involves a dangerous precedent. The Athletic Committee, as a committee appointed by the Alma Mater Society to look after athletic funds, &c., should simply have had the matter referred to them for consideration. Furthermore, a request of this kind, coming from the Alma Mater Society, really gives the Committee no option on the matter, for it would be impossible to refuse the money after such a communication. The Athletic Committee, long in touch with the state of athletic funds, are in

a better position to judge intelligently regarding moneys to be voted to various organizations. It appears that the original motion was for the Alma Mater to grant the money, but it was found that the funds there were scarce, so the amendment asking the Athletic Committee to pay it was passed. Probably the over-exuberance of spirits after winning the hockey championship had something to do with the mistake. However, it would be much wiser not to have a recurrence of anything of this type. The Athletic Committee will consider all such matters to the best interests of the Society.

BASKET BALL.

What has probably been the most successful season in the history of Queen's Basket Ball Club came to an end on Saturday, March 5th.

Some eighty students joined the City Y.M.C.A. this year but of that number there were only a few who had previously played basket ball. Consequently the Executive of the Basket Ball Club took steps to increase interest in the game so that we might have a team which would be a credit to the college. With this end in view they drew up a lengthy schedule of inter-year games by which each team was to meet every other team twice during the session. A lengthy schedule had also the advantage of giving the teams of the junior years, which were composed largely of new players, a better chance of making a good showing than if the series had been shorter.

Unfortunately '04 was unable to get a team together for its scheduled games, so after playing two postponed games it defaulted the rest so that the other teams should not be delayed

longer. The keen interest taken in the game by the teams '05, '06 and '07 atoned in a large measure for the absence of '04. Faithful and energetic practice was indulged in especially by '06 and '07 and they had their reward for when the last of the regular games was played on February 27th the result was a three-cornered tie each team having four wins and two losses to its credit.

It was arranged that two of the teams interested should play first, the winners to play the third team, '05 drew the bye so '06 and '07 met on March 1st, the latter winning by 21 to 7. '05 meet the winners on Saturday, March 5th, when the teams lined up as they did the Saturday before when '07 defeated '05 by 8 to 6. On this occasion victory rested with '05 by a score of 11 to 8, so '05 are winners of the inter-year championship.

The various teams were composed as follows :—

'05—Warren, (Capt.); Dunlop, Con-sitt, Bolton, Bothwell, McGregor.

'06—Sully, (Capt.); Richardson, McFayden, Smith, Ramsay, Kidd.

'07—Sands, (Capt.); Cowan, Aikens, King, J. A. S. ; Burns, J. L.

The retiring Executive of the Basket Ball Club which arranged the series consisted of Hon.-Pres., A. Cal-houn, M.A. ; Pres., A. J. Kidd ; Vice-Pres., H. Dunlop ; Sec.-Treas., L. K. Sully ; Captain, J. W. Warren.

As noted in a previous number of the JOURNAL a game was played with McGill in which McGill won out only after ten minutes extra play. This was the first match in which a Queen's team has lined up against a team from outside the City of Kingston. We hope that next year similar games may

be arranged for and that the not-too-far distant future may see an Intercollegiate Basket Ball League in existence.

At the Alma Mater Society on Mar. 5th, the officers of Queen's Basket Ball Club for 1904 and 1905 were elected. They are as follows :—Hon.-Pres., L. L. Bolton, M.A. ; Pres., J. W. Warren ; Vice-President, J. A. Aiken ; Sec., A. M. Bothwell ; Captain, H. Dunlop.

GERMAN ENTERTAINMENT.

A German dramatic and musical entertainment was given in Convocation Hall on Feb. 27th by some of the university students and others. The programme was a most enjoyable one. The musical part was under the conduct of Mrs. Dobbs and consisted of a mandolin selection by Messrs. McEachran, DeLong, Squire and Borley, and several vocal solos. Miss Bajus sang *Die heilige Stadt* in fine voice. Songs from Heine were quite effectively rendered by Miss Massie and Miss Fenwick. The stirring tunes of *Die Grenadiere* and *Des Deutschen Vaterland* as sung by Messrs. Lowe and Black, carried away the hearts of many of those present, while Liszt's magnificent setting of *Die Lorelei* was beautifully rendered by Miss Knight.

The second part of the programme consisted of the representation of *Eigensinn*, a very amusing little comedy by Benedix, wherein it is shown how stubborn insistence in some trivial matter may lead to very serious quarrels. The play was very well presented and reflects much credit on the performers. The different roles were taken by Miss Dadson, Miss Williams, Miss Poole and

Messrs. Deutschmann, Nicol and Bothwell.

After the entertainment Mrs. Prof. Macgillivray entertained those taking part to supper.

SUPPER WITH THE PRINCIPAL.

On Thursday evening, March the tenth, Principal Gordon entertained at supper the Hockey Club executive, the Senior Hockey team, the Executive of the A.M.S., and the JOURNAL Staff. The occasion was really a very delightful one for all present, the Principal proving himself to be the most genial and entertaining of hosts. When the repast was concluded, the Principal arose and in an admirable speech proposed the health of the hockey team, the Senior Champions of the Inter-Collegiate Hockey Union. Mr. Cyril Knight replied for the team. Mr. W. H. Lavell then delighted all with a song. The next toast was that of the Alma Mater Society, given by our esteemed Vice-Principal Watson in a very witty and yet thoughtful speech. Mr. L. L. Bolton, M.A., President of the A.M.S. replied in a speech in which he expressed his belief that the old Queen's spirit was still thoroughly alive, although perhaps changing its mode of expression. After a comic song by Mr. M. B. Baker, B.A., B.Sc., Dr. J. C. Connell, the popular Dean of the Medical Faculty, proposed the JOURNAL Staff, in words which were deeply appreciated by its members. This toast was connected with the name of Mr. F. H. MacDougall, Editor-in-chief of the JOURNAL, who replied on behalf of the staff to the kind speech of Dr. Connell.

Mr. M. B. Baker, then proposed the health of the Principal, who seemed

deeply grateful for this mark of esteem. "Auld Lang Syne" brought to a close a most delightful evening which served but to further strengthen the attachment which binds the students to our genial Principal.

Our Alumni.

THE fourth annual meeting and banquet of the Western Ontario Association of Graduates and Alumni of Queen's University was held on Feb. 19th in St. Thomas. There were about forty present, and the number would have been greater but for the uncertainty of railway travel. Principal Gordon was present and made the principal address of the evening, discussing the new phases in the relationship of the University to the Church and the Province. The following are the officers for the current year:

Honorary President—Rev. D. M. Gordon, D.D.

President—Rev. J. G. Stuart, B.A., London.

Vice-Presidents—Rev. D. R. Drummond, M.A., B.D., St. Thomas; Geo. Malcolm, B.A., Stratford; J. H. Marshall, B.A., Windsor; and Jennie Drennan, M.D., St. Thomas.

Secretary-Treasurer—Mr. Thomas Alexander, London.

Executive Committee—R. Lees, M.A., St. Thomas; R. Ferguson, B.A., M.D., London; E. C. Edwards, B.A., London; A. E. Harvey, M.D., Wyoming; James Newell, Ph.B., M.D., Watford; Rev. J. F. Scott, Rodney; Rev. Dr. McLeod, Atwood; R. W. Anglin, M.A., Essex; A. D. Griffin, B.A., Woodstock; John L. Bray, M.D., Chatham; J. H. Mills,

M.A., Waterford; Rev. A. McAulay, B.A., Mitchell.

Principal Gordon made an excellent impression on all who heard him, and it was the general feeling that the mantle of the great chief had fallen on no unworthy successor.

We are pleased to quote the following from a letter which we received recently from Dr. Jas. Newell, Waterford:—"I read the JOURNAL with pleasure, and although it will be thirty-three years next March since I left, 'still in our ashes live their wonted fires.'

W. N. Easton, M.A., '93, who spent '95-'96 in the B.D. course at Victoria, and was later appointed to the principalship of the Columbian Methodist College, is now pastor of the M. E. Church at Olivia, Minn.

N. A. Brisco, M.A., '99, is taking a post graduate course in Political Science in Columbia, New York.

R. T. Hodgson, M.A., formerly tutor in Chemistry here, is now located in Brandon, Manitoba. We were pleased to hear from him recently.

Mr. E. J. Williamson, M.A., lately returned from an extended course of study in Europe, delivered recently in German to the honour students and others interested a course of lectures on the poet Schiller. These lectures were much appreciated. Mr. Williamson's facility in the use of German and the purity with which he uses it, leave nothing to be desired.

Exchanges.

PROF. N——, (illustrating a point in Philology.)—"Now, Mr. W——, you know that beautiful sentiment of Longfellow's:

'I know a maiden fair to see,
Take care——.' "

Mr. W——, "No Sir. I don't know her." —*Ex.*

A TRUE STORY.

That a new country like the North-West has a hardening effect upon men, none will deny. Even a church student who was a sojourner in the land could not escape contamination. We have heard marvellous stories regarding various things in the Prairie Province, but a story which is the product of the stretched and original imagination of a church student eclipses all others. At a tea-meeting a few nights ago, when soaring in an eloquent strain upon the beauties of Manitoba, the speaker mentioned that mosquitoes were a dreadful pest, and stated that "a man who was travelling with a yoke of oxen, encamped at night by the side of a stream. During the night he heard 5 or 6 large mosquitoes in the distance; but as his tent was a strong one he feared not, but when he arose in the morning and looked for his team they were gone. In despair he ran to the water's edge, thinking that they might be drowning, but nowhere could they be found. At last glancing up into a large tree, he saw a mosquito sitting upon a branch, rolling its eyes, flapping its ears, and picking its teeth with the horn of an ox." What Divinity can beat this? —*Ex.*

"As the Dominion Exhibition is held this year in Winnipeg, it has been decided to hold the Dominion Teachers' Association at the same time, in order that those attending may have the benefit of the cheap rates, and at the same time may see the most during the days they spend in the West. The exact dates will probably be July 26, 27, 28. The programme is not yet complete in all its details and may not be for some little time, but every organised department will be fully represented and the general sessions will be of special interest. One of the most interesting features of the gathering will be an exhibit of school work and supplies. Those who can assist in this should kindly notify the Secretary.

The rates granted to the Dominion Exhibition will be published shortly. Everybody can afford to come. There should be a very large attendance."—*The Educational Monthly.*

—
This is an examination. See how sad these boys look ! Look at that boy in the corner. He will pass. He has studied hard. He has all his knowledge at his fingers' ends. See, he puts his knowledge in his pocket because the tutor is looking. Come away children !—*Ex.*

—
Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand
but go !
Be our joys three parts pain !
Strive, and hold cheap the strain ;
Learn, nor account the pang ; dare,
never grudge the throe !

—*Browning.*

The inventive genius had been cast upon the desert isle. Night was fast approaching, and he had no shelter from the cold. But he was not foiled. "—it !" he swore fiercely, "—it !!!" "—it !!!" Then, wrapping himself in the "blank—its" so cleverly provided, he slept warmly and soundly through the night.

—*Lampon.*

—
We note in the "McGill Outlook," a report of a lecture by Prof. MacNaughton entitled "A Modest Plea for the Retention of some Tincture of Letters in our System of Education." The Professor apparently has lost none of his old-time vigour.

—
Mary had a little lamp,
Filled with kerosene ;
She went with it to light the fire,
And has not since benzine.—*Ex.*

—
"The Theologue," from the Presbyterian College, Halifax, is one of our most ably written exchanges. It contains, this month, an exceptionally fine article on "Able Ministers of the New Testament," which will be of interest to all.

—
Lecture upon the Rhinoceros. Professor.—"I must ask you to give me your individual attention. It is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of this hideous animal unless you keep your eyes fixed upon me."

De Nobis.

"I know no personal cause to spurn at him but for the general."

Fair enthusiast over the Scotch game—"Do you *curl* much, Mr. D-nn-n?"

Jim (blushing furiously)—"Well, er—really, that is—ah, not much."

Episode of 1902 recently unearthed:

Freshette (visiting Rockwood Hospital and meeting Billy W-rkm-n in the hall)—"And how long have you been in here?"

Billy—"Since the spring exams."

Freshette (aside)—"Oh, the poor fellow, how my heart bleeds for him."

We understand the Secretary of the A.M.S. is at present working on plans for an automatic music-turner, specially designed for students' concerts.

Sunny Jim (after the McGill game)—"I feel in the seventh heaven now."

Prof. "Nickey" (looking up)—"Oh, Mr. M-cd-n-l, you don't reach quite that high."

L. L. B-lt-n (at the Queen's-McGill game)—"Yes, I always try to set a good example to the members of the A.M.S."

Lady companion (coldly)—"Oh, really, how very kind of you."

The following bill has been received by the Athletic Committee from the house surgeons:

"To one false goatee, per Bob Sc-tt—30 cents."

The Sec.-Treas. refuses payment on the grounds that all persons desiring such deformities should grow them.

At the Conversat.:—M-c M-nr-e (to J-n C-ld-l, who is staying too long with one girl)—"Say, John, why don't you break away and give another fellow a chance?"

J-n C-ld-l—"I can't, Mac; I've got the *grip*."

OVER THE ASYLUM TELEPHONE LINE.

T. D. M-c-gill-vry :—"Hello! that you"—Ah yes! Did I know the voice?—Yes—Yes—Our last—Well could I!—Delightful—To-morrow evening did you say—Most certainly." T. D. M. (hanging up the receiver)—"Well, there is one place I can always go to."

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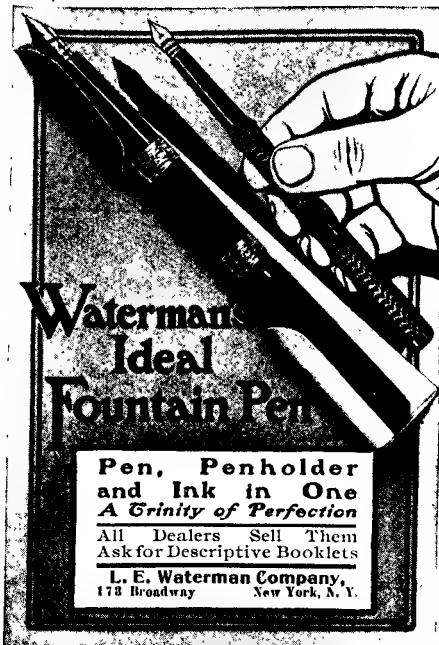
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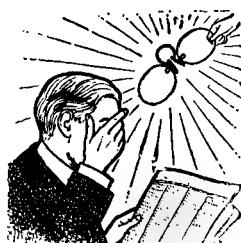
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Educational Department Calendar

March:

- Inspectors' Annual Reports to Department, due.
- Annual Reports from High School Boards, to Department due. (This includes the Financial Statement.)
- Financial Statement of Teachers' Associations to Department, due.
- Separate School Supporters to notify Municipal Clerks.
- Night Schools close (session 1903-1904.)
- High Schools, second term, and Public and Separate Schools close.

April:

- Return by Clerks of counties, cities, etc., of population to Department, due.
- GOOD FRIDAY.
- EASTER MONDAY.
- Annual meeting of the Ontario Educational Association at Toronto.
- High Schools, third term, and Public and Separate Schools open after Easter Holidays.
- Reports on Night Schools due.
- Examinations in School of Practical Science begin.
- Annual examination in Applied Science begins.
- Last day for receiving applications for examination of candidates not in attendance at the Ontario Normal College.
- Art School Examinations begin.

May:

- Toronto University Examinations in Arts, Law, Medicine and Agriculture begin.
- Notice by candidates for the High School Entrance Examination, to Inspectors, due.
- ARBOR DAY. (1st Friday in May.)
- Empire Day (first school day before 24th May.)
- Notice by candidates for the District Certificate, Junior Leaving, Senior Leaving, University Matriculation, Commercial Specialist and Kindergarten Examinations, to Inspectors, due.
- QUEEN VICTORIA'S BIRTHDAY (Tuesday.)
- Examination at Ontario Normal College, Hamilton, begins.

N.B.—Departmental Examination Papers for past years may be obtained from the Carswell Publishing Company, No. 30 Adelaide Street, E., Toronto.



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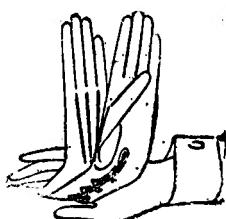
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